



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH 127 2ND AVE E WEST FARGO, ND
Please enter on the West side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

Upcoming Meetings
October 9th
November 13th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on
October 23rd @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference -
Dallas, TX July 10-12, 2015

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children' (www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at tcf1313@hotmail.com or mail them to our PO Box (listed on the back of the newsletter). Photos and poems/stories sent to the PO Box will be electronically scanned and then returned to you so please remember to include a return address.

LOVE GIFTS

Sandra & Charles Klinkhammer
in memory of their son,
Alexander Klinkhammer
We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month.
Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts.
Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.
Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

"Be nice and smile to everyone you meet. You don't know what they are going through, and they may need that smile, and treasure it." ~ Christine M. Huppert

OUR CREDO

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007


ANGEL OF HOPE MEMORIAL SERVICE

The Annual Candlelight Memorial Service will be held for all parents and families who have lost a child at the Angel of Hope statue on Saturday, October 4th at 7 pm. The statue is located at the North entrance of Island Park, Fargo. Attendees are invited to bring a white flower to place at the base of the statue in memory of loved ones. Refreshments will be served at Hanson Runsvold Funeral Home following the service.



Worldwide Candle Lighting

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor the memories of the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren who left too soon. As candles are lit at 7:00 p.m. local time, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memory of all children gone too soon.



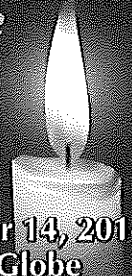
The Compassionate Friends
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Light a candle for all children who have died

Worldwide Candle Lighting®

... that their light may always shine.

Sunday, December 14, 2014
7 PM Around the Globe



THE REASON FOR TCF MEETINGS

One could ask, "Why go and listen to the woes of other people when it is easier to get wrapped up in our own?" It is not to compare tragedies, nor assess the right or wrong means of grieving, nor to pressure or complicate or confuse a bereaved parent with timetables of grief. This is not the reasoning behind TCF meetings.

When a child of a family dies, the emotional pain can be intense. It is tempting at times to try to run either into solitude or avoidance. A balance is needed to survive and live more than a resigned existence. Finding a way isn't easy when the "rest of the world" rushes by, taking little notice that our life has changed.

The monthly meetings of The Compassionate Friends is a special time we can set aside to gain and maintain our balance. We need a lot of encouragement to endure and experience our emotions and to express ourselves while grieving. Coming to a meeting can help alleviate the feeling of being alone in sorrow. The environment of other bereaved parents offers a means of keeping in touch with reality, in which there can be a sharing and mutual understanding. There is sustained support knowing that others are willing to acknowledge that though a child's song might be over, the melody of memories will remain woven throughout the remainder of our lives.

~ N. Hunt, TCF/Sioux Falls, SD

Grief and the Change of Seasons

The first year following the death of a loved one you may reflect on the significant and insignificant events of your life from the previous year. You may catch yourself thinking, "Last year, at this time, we were..." Your memories of those seasons of life include your loved one and you may be painfully aware that when the season comes again, you will have lived a whole year without him or her. This reality confirms what you may already have known - that the physical presence of your loved one is lost forever, just like the last hint of snow that melts into the ground. And with that realization come a new sense of how time and the seasons pass.

The change of seasons signifies the many roles that your loved one played in each of the seasons of your life. These role losses may trigger your grief all over again. The subtle changes that signal the approach of a new season observed by others may be overshadowed by the grief that looms over each passing day for you. And then, before you know it, time has continued to tick off minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months as you are confronted with a new season that brings with it more loss and grief.

As each season arrives, ask yourself:

- What roles did my loved one play in this season?
- Who will fill that role now?

What role did I play in my loved one's life that is now gone?

If no one can fill that role, you may need to ask for help from others who may be waiting for that opportunity. You will need to allow yourself to grieve the unique role your loved one played in your life, as well as the role you played in his or hers.

With each new time of year, you may find that your mood does not fit the season.

- As spring arrives, you may feel like you are in the winter of your grief, only to be surrounded by new growth, new beginnings and people who talk about things like hope and anticipation of warmer weather.
- Summer months are often spent doing family and outdoor activities that may heighten your sense of loss. The days full of despair may be longer than you would like them to be. It may be a beautiful day, but you may feel stone cold inside.
- As the leaves fall from the trees in the fall and the growing season ends, you are reminded of the dullness and drabness of your life. Your grief may be in its fallow time, where everyday looks pretty much the same.

As the weather gets colder and forces you indoors, you may feel even more alone and isolated in your grief. The shorter days may amplify the night you feel in your soul.

It is important to surround yourself with the beauty of each new season in order to remind yourself that while you may be in the depths of your grief, you are in the midst of life.

- Surround yourself with living things in order to reassure yourself that your grief will change like the seasons.
- When you go outdoors, breathe in fresh air deeply to replace the stagnant air of grief.
- Take a moment to feel the breeze against your face or the warmth of the sun against your skin. Remind yourself that you are still alive, even though your loved one has died.
- Plant flowers to reassure you that plants grow with care. Remind yourself often, that your grief will ease if you honor it and take care of it. Indeed, you may find yourself growing in ways you could have never imagined.
- If you have no seeds of hope, let someone else plant them for you. Surround yourself with others who will tend to you, encourage you, and provide an environment where you can do your work.

Remember, time alone will not heal your grief; it's what you do with your time that heals your grief. Trust in the rhythm of your grief. Trust that someday in a new season you will find your way back to life just like the daffodil that breaks through the frozen ground back into the sunlight.

~ Linda Lehmann

As we grieve the loss of our
children and one another's,
We begin to find a different
kind of love than we ever
expected to experience.

~ Rosalie Baker, TCF/Rochester, NY

When the sun sits down on the mountains and the clouds turn
purple and pink
And golden rays send fingers out to touch me,
I stop breathing and inhale with my heart
Because I know that along those glittering strands of light
Lies my connection to you.

~ Sandy Goodman, TCF/Wind River WI

What am I

I have only one son.
And I am grateful to be so lucky.
But to others that one is none.
What am I?
He has a day of birth.
But he did not move, he did not cry.
He never had a life on this earth.
What am I?
Now I have nothing.
No dirty diapers, no midnight feedings.
But I have the pain the death of a child can bring.
What am I?
My son did live!
For those nine long months inside of me.
We learned because he had so much to give.
I am a mother!
~ Page Hassman, TCF/Austin, TX

WHY WE STILL GO TO TCF

"Are you still involved with that group? Aren't you over it yet? Why do you go?" These are questions I often hear now that it has been more than seven years since Mark died. I suspect you hear them too. There are easy answers. But not everyone understands, unless you have been there. Here are ten I can think of:

1. Because we never want the world to forget our child, so what we do we do in his or her name.
2. Because when we reach out to help someone else, we also help ourselves.
3. Because someone was there for us when we needed it most; now the best way to say "thank you" is to pass it on by being there for others.
4. Because it is the one thing we do that can bring something positive out of tragedy.
5. Because we have found in TCF better friends and closer bonds than we ever thought possible. Here we can cry and hug people even if we don't know their last name or what they do for a living. And it doesn't matter.
6. Because few people are qualified to walk up to a newly bereaved family and say, "I know how you feel." And because we can, we must.
7. Because sometimes we need to talk, too, and to remember and share. We are further along than many around us, but we never forget.
8. Because many of us believe that one day we will meet our child or brother or sister again, and he or she will ask, "So what did you do with your life after I left?" And we will have an answer.
9. Because our presence might help newly bereaved families understand that they will survive and even laugh again.
10. Because we love cold coffee, cookies, and hard metal chairs.

~ Richard Edler, TCF South Bay/L.A., California Chapter

Each of us has a self-regulated time clock inside.
Don't rush or push yourself or others. Go at your own
pace.

"Footsteps Through the Valley" By Darcie D Sims

Making the decision to have a child is
momentous. It is to decide forever to have your
heart go walking around outside your body.
-Elizabeth Stone

Free From Bondage

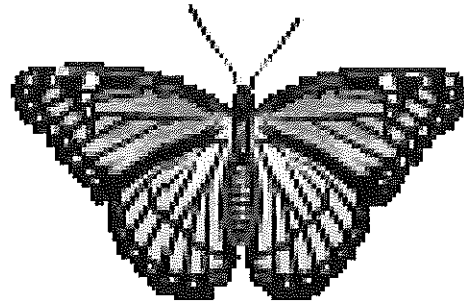
Your spirit is so soft
even through tragedy all around.
Your body is a temporary sign
of your existence.
Your essence is of pure love,
which relieves all suffering.
Your spirit is almost free from this life
free to fly as an angel to unknown dimensions,
Most will never know.
~ Lisa Melaerts, TCF/Las Vegas, NV

How Long Will I Hurt

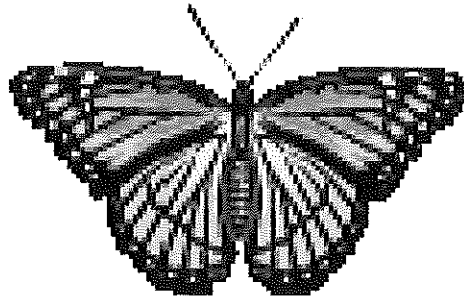
How long will I hurt
And carry this pain
That seems to come and go
Like a summer rain
How long will I cry
With my heart breaking in two
How long will it hurt
That I live without you?
How many years
Can a heart feel like this
Knotted up and tight
Like a boxer's fist
How long will I think
Of how things used to be
When we were together
Just you and just me
How much can a mother
Stand this type of pain
That comes on as quickly
As the warm summer rain?
To hurt is to love
Those who are not here
To love is to hold
Memories we hold dear
I will hurt forever
This I now know
And cry softly
Like a soft winter snow
How long will I hurt?
As long as I love....
The child God sent to me
From heaven above
My hurting will stop
When it's my turn to leave
I'll depart this world softly
Like a warm summer breeze
And Glory will be the day
When we're together again
Mother and child
My love has no end
~ Sharon Bryant

In memory of Andy Dunbar 1972 - 1977
I'm his mom and he's my angel.....forever
TCF Website - Reprinted by permission of author

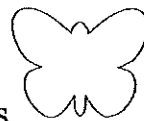
OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



Birthdays and Anniversaries have been removed from the Internet version of our newsletter for security purposes



Butterfly Decals



Our trailer is beginning to look like a butterfly garden! The trailer was purchased in order to transport materials to our chapter activities but it has also helped make our local chapter better known in the Fargo-Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our precious children.

Butterflies are still available in all five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost for 1 butterfly is \$25, 3 butterflies are \$65 and 4 butterflies are \$80. If you wish to purchase more than 4, please contact our chapter leader, John Milligan. Butterfly orders should include the child's name and color of the butterfly. Checks should be made payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead and the order mailed to PO Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html.

"Some say you're too painful to remember. I say you're too precious to forget."

Our Mom's group has been meeting on the 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fryn' Pan Restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are informal as we come together to talk about our children, books that we've read, recipes we've tried, our jobs and whatever else comes up during the course of the evening. We all have times where the listening heart of another mom or grandma is welcome (and necessary). Please join us this month on Thursday October 23rd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylev13@msn.com.

SIBLING PAGE

A Journey to the "New Normal"

May 31 marked seven years since my only sibling Dave died from cancer at age 32. This June 28 we would have been celebrating Dave's 40th birthday with a big party, and I'd be kidding him about going bald, just like all the Snepp men before him. Instead, I'll be getting ready for the TCF National Conference, at which I'll share memories of his brilliance, great smile, and sense of humor with those who will never have the pleasure of meeting him in person.

At this point in my grief journey, most will be good memories of how Dave lived, rather than bad memories of how he died. I can't recall the moment when that shift of perspective occurred, but I would like to share a few memories and milestones that have marked the way:

- Months after Dave died, I went to see the movie "Big", starring Tom Hanks, and "lost it" when his mother stared out the window wondering if she'd ever see him again. I watched the movie again recently and didn't lose it.
- It was three months before I felt up to sharing with anyone the details of the day my brother died at his home in Bellevue, Washington, in the company of Mom, Dad, and me. On the way home from that emotional conversation, I drove the wrong way down a one way street in downtown Chicago – it might be smart to have a friend drive you to your first few TCF meetings!
- I discovered that the grief path is not a straight line. A few good days can be followed by several bad ones. I've heard other TCF members call this their "roller coaster ride."
- For a year, I couldn't keep the radio on if "Wind Beneath My Wings" came on. For the next year, I kept it on but cried through it. Now, I can usually make it all the way through without any tears!
- With the help of TCF, I realized that despite friends expecting it to be possible, I'd never be "back to normal." My focus instead shifted to finding my "new normal". While I can't point to a time when that happened (probably after the 1990 TCF Conference), THAT was a milestone.
- For three Christmases after Dave died, I didn't put up a tree in my condo. For Christmas, 1991, as I was getting out ornaments for my first tree since his death, I came across a bunch of ornaments that he had had in his apartment. I came totally unglued then, but now I look forward to seeing those ornaments each Christmas.
- It was three years before I felt that I had enough emotional energy to pursue a relationship. Even now, I don't have a lot of tolerance for guys I go out with that gripe about their brothers or sisters.

My most vivid "landmark" to date along my grief journey came in February 1993. Following my Dad's father's death in December, 1992, we were in Atlanta cleaning out my grandfather's apartment, and I came across a pile of post cards and letters that Dave had written to my grandparents through the years. Earlier in my journey, a "blind side" such as that would have sent me into a tailspin. In this case, though, my immediate reaction was one of happiness, for I had found a part of Dave that I didn't know I still had! I saved a few of the post cards, sent a couple to my cousin who was referenced in some of the letters, and (amazingly) threw the rest away. It was fun to share the memories, but I didn't feel the need to hang onto them. It was at that point, nearly five years after Dave's death, that I truly felt as if I was closing in on that "new normal."

~ Karen Snepp, TCF, Frisco, Texas, from the TCF Stages Newsletter, Summer 1995

BIG SISTER, LITTLE BROTHER...

We grew up together-
big sister, little brother.

I took care of you,
until you were old enough to
care for yourself.

Though you didn't say it,
I knew you loved me.

We played in the sunlight, you and I.

Remember the games of
'Mother-May-I' and 'Hide and Seek'?

Sure we had our fights,
all siblings do,

but through it all we never lost
our love for each other.

Now you're gone.

I'll never see you again,
except the memories
of those sunny days.

You will forever be sixteen-
far too young to die.

You had your whole life to live.

I'll always grieve, but I must go on.

Still, without you,

I play alone in the shadows.

Author unknown ~ TCF/MI

People Think

People think we're fine, you know.

They say, "Oh, siblings heal so fast."

But they don't know the empty feelings,
or our longing for the past.

People think we're fine, you know.

"Look, how they've resumed their lives." they say.

But they don't know of our troubled hearts
or the loneliness from day to day.

People think we're fine, you know.

"See how they're getting over it?" they surmise.

But they don't know that we've learned to laugh and smile,
Only to complete our broken heart's disguise.

~ Mary Matthews, TCF/Ft. Lauderdale, FL

REST, MY BROTHER

Rest, my brother, you now have peace.

The wars within you all have ceased,

And with the rising sun each day,

Upon the heaven you will play.

Until that day we meet again,

Know I love you, my brother, my friend.

~ Sandra Evans, TCF/Kearsarge, NH

HOPE

Hope is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul

And signs the tune without the words

And never stops at all.

~ Emily Dickinson

French Toast

I stand here before the stove. All the ingredients are here. The eggs, the milk, vanilla, cinnamon, and sugar. The frying pan is heating slowly, melting the butter and still I stand in my robe and slippers.

I pick up an egg to break it in the bowl, but I just can't do it. I want so much to fix french toast because my husband loves it so. Just like my son did all his life, right up until he died. I've lived this scene so many times since then, always with a tear and a sigh.

We'd had french toast at least once a week for more years than I can remember. How they ate! I'd laugh and complain because I had to cook so much.

Once, in Florida when we had french toast for breakfast in a restaurant with friends, he said, "This is ok, but you ought to taste my mom's!" I can still hear him saying it.

Now I just can't do it, I cannot cook french toast! My husband never asks, and while I stand before the stove and weep he pretends not to notice. But I know he understands. I just can't cook french toast...NOT YET.

~ Fay Harden, "Songs from the Edge"

Stepparents - The Invisible Griefers

When our 28 year old daughter died in an automobile accident I was devastated. What I did not realize was that my wife was equally devastated. I assumed that she was sad too, but that since she was just "our daughter's stepmother, she would not feel the same depth of grief that I and my ex-wife felt JUST... It wasn't until several months later that I came to realize how wrong I had been. Immediately after the accident, my ex flew into town. She was of course in deep pain and highly emotional; she could hardly stop crying.

All through the immediate weeks after our daughter's death, my wife remained in the background, doing all she could to support me, my ex-wife, and our other children. But showing few outward signs of her own grief. I totally missed that she was feeling as much pain as my ex-wife and I were.

My wife and I were lucky. A couple of months later she flew back to her hometown and spent a long weekend with a group of long-time women friends with whom she had remained close over the years. They spent the weekend talking about our daughter, the accident, the terrible loss, and supporting my wife and allowing her to fully express and outwardly experience her own deep grief.

After that weekend my wife began to talk to me about how deep her grief was. I began to realize that she and I felt the loss much the same.

The research into bereaved parents indicates that the depth of one's grief is directly related to the length and extent of the relationship the person had with the child who has died.

In our case, my wife and I married when our daughter was just 7 years old. Our daughter lived with us until she moved out to live on her own 15 years later. My wife had the primary role of raising our daughter, helping her with school, with her social life, everything. They had a wonderful relationship. Of course, in retrospect, it is no wonder that my wife deeply misses and grieves the death of our daughter.

~ R&D, BP/USA Maryland

Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards. ~ Soren Kierkegaard

The Sharing of Grief

I cannot carry this burden alone, the road is too steep and the pain too great. I shall only get to the top of the hill if I am able to lean on a firm shoulder whose strength lies in the reality of the feet which bear its weight. The sharing of grief is the only solution to the crisis that surrounds bereavement in our age. To share a person's sorrow is to accept their reality and to acknowledge the fact that none of us is immune from death.

~ Rev. Dr. Simon Stephens, Founder of Compassionate Friends

Sometimes...

The anguish of my child's death

Is an echo

Of my heart beat.

Other times...

The longing for my child

Tears at my soul.

Always...

The love for my child

Is a river flowing

Pushing me ever onwards –

Through life.

~ Judith Vasas, TCF/Winnipeg, MD

The only time all is lost is when hope is lost. Always hold on! ~ Clara Hinton

Butterfly Wings, Bricks and Lead

When I saw her load of grief, it looked to me to be merely a light load of butterfly wings, as compared to my full load of heavy bricks. Then I saw another man, and he seemed to be carrying a small load of lead. But as I watched her step on the scales bearing her load of butterfly wings, the scales read "one ton." When he stepped on the scales with his load of lead, the scales also read "one ton." I knew my grief-load of bricks would weigh more, but those scales read for me, "one ton." Our loads of butterfly wings, lead and bricks weighed exactly the same to the one carrying that particular load of grief.

We bereaved parents often feel resentment when a non-bereaved person speaks about our child's death. HOW can THAT PERSON know or even dream of how I feel or what I am going through? These feelings may be justified. But when we begin to feel resentment toward another bereaved parent "That child's death was easy compared to my child's death," "I have suffered more than she/he ever did", we should remember that each of our grief-loads weights two thousand pounds to the one under it. Compared to Rose Kennedy, who had one child in a mental institution, and lost one daughter and three sons in violent deaths, my grief-load begins to look as if it were made of gossamer soap bubbles, but when I again step on that scale, it still reads, "one ton."

Our grief-loads may appear to weigh less because we who are under them have grown stronger through time and grief process maturation. The load actually weighs no less; it is we who have grown stronger and can carry it more easily. Sometimes we can even completely ignore the weight that is still there. Always be careful in judging another's grief-load. Remember the lead, butterfly wings and those bricks, and how they all weigh the same to the one under that load of grief.

~ Tom Crouthamel, TCF/Sarasota, FL

We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name in the newsletter. Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

Your Name: _____

Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____

Date: _____

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo ND 58106
(Please note that if you have already submitted a permission slip, you do not need to submit another one)

HALLOWEEN MEMORIES

My Ian was 20 when he was killed in a work accident. I had my children very young and grew up along with them. Since Halloween dress-up had always been one of my favorite, most creative times, I suppose I passed along my excitement to Ian.

We didn't have much in the way of money, so we made our own outfits. We threw together a real "winner" (He won first prize!) in first grade when he came to me at 8 PM the night before and said... "Mom...I gotta have a costume for school tomorrow for the Halloween contest!" Before long, he was transformed into a "lobster monster"...with cardboard head, body, claws, protruding eyes....I don't know how he made it to school on the bus! Or how he saw to get around that day! But that blue ribbon was quite a prize for us both!

I found Ian on the back porch one day passing along the family tradition to his little sister...He was painting her face with some kind of creamy goo so she could be a "ghost"...The resulting photograph is one of my favorite "partner in crime" shots of the two kids.

About 3rd grade, he decided to make his own costume...a "punk". He quickly went out of the house with friends after a mischievous glance at me and a coat over his shoulders. We discovered when he got back from knocking on all our neighbor's doors that he had torn up a t-shirt and written obscenities all over the shirt. I'm sure the old ladies on our street were mortified!

He continued to celebrate Halloween even into his teens and would always ask, "What're we gonna do for Halloween, Mom?" He would spend hours carving a pumpkin or setting up spooky music to freak the kids on our street...and would end up going out to enjoy the candy frenzy with all the other "kids," even though he was 6 feet tall.

His last Halloween was spent away from us with friends. He had been talking about dressing up as "Braveheart" and finally found a kilt and a wig. We were told he was the life of the party, meeting everyone at the door and threatening to lift his kilt...only to show off boxers with hearts on them! We finally saw a photo of him in that outfit after the funeral...what a treasure!

Ian enjoyed life to the fullest and I feel so lucky to have been a part of his amazing time on earth. So, "what am I gonna do for Halloween this year?" I've made my own costume (Mona Lisa) and will be partying with friends....

Live life one day at a time.....and make each one a masterpiece!

~Love, Becky Ian's proud mom, TCF Atlanta

HALLOWEEN

Halloween has always been a special holiday to me. I regret that our son only had a one-time experience at this magical time of year. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his make, how he said "Thank you." without any coaxing.

Then, I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity, and I am grateful for that one time. It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating, and yet, there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty, even in their dying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breathtaking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air.

I believe there is a message in Fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of seasons, that our children now know far more beauty than we can ever imagine. Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in Spring. Our children are not gone. They live!

~ Nancy Cassell, TCF/MonmouthCounty, NJ

Season of Many Feelings

Autumn is here once again, as it comes every year, and with it comes my falling tears. This time of year is the hardest of all. My heart is still breaking, once again it is fall. Memories once so vivid are seeming to fade. My time spent with you seems some other age. This season reminds me of grief and of pain, yet teaches of hope and of joy once again. For the trees are still living beneath their gray bark, and you my sweet child are alive in my heart!

~ Cinda Schake, TCF/Butler, PA

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
OF THE F-M AREA
PO BOX 10686
FARGO ND 58106

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***The
Compassionate
Friends***
Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

MISSION STATEMENT: When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

A SINCERE WELCOME TO ALL COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS...We are a nonprofit self-help organization offering friendship and support to families who have experienced the death of a child. We offer group support, understanding and friendship. Our purpose is to promote and aid parents and siblings in the positive resolution of the grief they are experiencing and to foster physical and emotional health. If you have questions or wish to talk directly to a member of the Fargo-Moorhead Compassionate Friends, please call any of the numbers listed.

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey..... 701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-235-8158	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer 701-298-2929	Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church
Initial Contact	Jamie Olson 701-219-3865	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join
Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer		

LIBRARY INFORMATION: We have an extensive library available. Please feel free to check materials at our next meeting.

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

HAVING A BAD DAY OR NIGHT? Feel free to call and talk to any of the following:

John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident) 701-491-0364
Duane Skramstad (daughter, 20 - car accident; son, 2 - drowning) 701-437-2507
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident) 701-282-4083
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness) 701-730-0805
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage & son, 35 - accident) 701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 15th to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of _____
Name _____
Address _____
Relationship _____ Born _____ Died _____

NOTE: By giving a love gift, you are giving us permission to include your child(ren) in our monthly birthdays and anniversaries.